

THOUGHT GEORGE WAS A GIRL

POLICE SAID THEY HAD NO LOST BOYS WHEN HIS PARENTS ASKED.

If the McCarthy Youngster Hadn't Worn His Sister's Cloak and Hood, the Mistake That Caused His Family an Anxious Night Might Not Have Been Made.

George Washington McCarthy, 3 years old, of 841 Third avenue, got lost on Thursday evening and didn't get home again until after breakfast yesterday morning. The delay was due to the fact that the police thought George was a girl.

George is the youngest of six. After supper on Thursday his brothers went out to play in the street and George wanted to go along. He raised such a fuss that finally his mother let him go out on the sidewalk in care of his sister Nellie, who is 12. Before doing so Mrs. McCarthy wrapped him in a short cloak, with lace on it, that a sister two years older usually wears. George had played with the coal scuttle earlier in the day and his own coat was a sight.

George's sister held on to him until a neighbor offered her five cents to go on an errand. The girl sat George on the doorstep and told him to stay there until she came back. The McCarthy stoop is near Fifth street. George would have remained where he was if a lot of other children that live in the house had not crowded around him crying: "Girly girly!"

That made him mad and he got up and walked. An hour and a half later Police-man McGuire found a little tot leaning against a wall at Seventy-third street and Third avenue. It was George, but the cop called him "little girl" and lugged him to the East Sixty-seventh street station. George had been crying, but he sobbed all the more when he saw his mother. At the police station the first thing Sgt. Bell said when George was brought in was: "What a pretty little girl." Then the child came home with his mother. The cloak and hood had been taken away by his parents.

At 9 o'clock all unclaimed children are taken to Police Headquarters. George was taken in a patrol wagon to the big building on Mulberry street. There he was registered as a girl and Matron Travers put him to bed in a room for little lost girls. At 11 o'clock all the McCarthy's and many of their neighbors went there and made inquiries for George. Matron Travers, the hallway cop, went up to the children's ward on the top floor, and coming back said:

"At 1 o'clock in the morning the McCarthy's all tramped back to Headquarters and were informed again that the stock on hand consisted of one little girl, and the others had been taken away by their parents."

At 5 o'clock Sgt. Hall of the East Fifty-third street station issued a general alarm for George and ordered it reported in all the boroughs. This is an extraordinary thing and usually is done only when kidnapping is suspected.

At 6 o'clock a "dog watch" reporter across the street from Police Headquarters. His name is Max and for years he has worked in the early hours of the morning.

Max hurried to the McCarthy home and found about as distracted a family as he ever ran across. He got a thorough description of the child and then hustled back to Police Headquarters.

"Say," said he to the captain in charge, "that kid is either in a hospital or here. There are no other kids and nobody would kidnap the youngster."

The police insisted that the only lost child in the matron's quarters was a little girl named Mary. Matron Travers said she had seen the little girl and hood that George wore when he was left on the doorstep, so she told Matron Travers. Thereupon Matron Travers said that a mistake had been made.

At the McCarthy home yesterday morning George got no end of petting.

DOUTNEY DROPS \$30,000.

Said to Have Believed He Had a Tip Indirectly From Rockefeller.

In the Supreme Court in Brooklyn yesterday a verdict was given in favor of Sidney C. Love & Co., stock brokers, in the suit brought against them by George Doutney to recover \$30,000 which he alleged he lost in speculating in Washah. The brokers put in a counter claim for \$1,355, which they said was the amount of margins over the \$30,000 which Doutney failed to pay.

Doutney is a friend of J. P. Rawley, who is said to be the brother-in-law of John D. Rockefeller, Jr. He heard that Washah was a good thing and put money in it.

Mr. Love testified from hearsay that Rawley informed Doutney that he had had dinner with Mr. Rockefeller, who intimated that Washah was a good stock at that time to speculate in, and on this tip Doutney put up \$30,000 for the firm.

The \$30,000 was in cash, and besides he was \$21,000 in collateral. Washah went down instead of going up and the margin was wiped out, and the deal was over. Mr. Doutney owed the firm \$1,355 for additional margins before he was convinced that the tip he had received was not good.

The jury discussed the case for over an hour and then gave judgment for the defendants in the Doutney suit and also gave the defendants judgment for their counter claim of \$1,355, which with interest brings the judgment for the brokers up to \$1,511.48.

CONFESSES TO WIFE MURDER.

Serrone, Who Flew From New York, Caught in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, April 22.—Joseph Serrone, alias Joseph Thompson, 20 years old, an Italian, who murdered his wife in New York several weeks ago, was caught in this city to-day as he applied for letters at the general delivery window of the post office.

Serrone admitted that he had killed his wife. He was arrested by Magistrate Knoch-Spenger and remanded to await regulations papers from New York.

Serrone said that the crime took place late last night of March 15. He had been drinking, he said, only a short time before the deed, and came to New York to live, renting lodgings at 351 East Forty-fifth street. He said that he did not like the way his wife acted and they had frequent quarrels. On the night of March 6, he said, she was not home when he arrived from work. He waited until nearly midnight and when she returned he was drunk and in a fit of passion. She denied this, and they had an argument.

Serrone shot her through the heart.

RAIN WHITE BOY OUT OF SCHOOL.

Colored Boy, Enraged by Taunts, Draws a Razor.

Aaron Sprang, an eleven-year-old negro pupil in Public School 9, Sterling place and Vanderbilt avenue, Brooklyn, was so much enraged by the children's taunts he received from his white fellow pupils yesterday that he drew a razor and chased one of them out into the street. A policeman took the razor away from him and led him, crying, to the police station.

Sprang has been an attendant at the school only about three weeks. He was brought to Brooklyn from South Carolina by his mother, who is employed at the Plaza Hotel, Union street and Prospect Park West. She sent him to the school, which is attended by the children of many of the prominent families from the Park Slope section. He complained repeatedly to his mother of the taunts and insulting conduct of his schoolmates.

He was taken before Justice Keady in the Children's Court, where he was committed to the Disciplinary Training School.

NEW BOOKS.

Continued from Seventh Page.

into the midst of the enemy, knocked down man after man, leaving it to others to put the finishing stroke." The lovely Diana heard the pipes at Lucknow, learned with surprise that the Highlanders had left their kilts and bonnets at Calcutta, and made a meat pie for Tyrrell, who came with the relief. We shall never tell whether or not these two were married at the end of the story. It would not be fair.

The Trouble Woman Smoked.

Miss Clara Morris's little story, "The Trouble Woman" (Funk & Wagnalls Company), begins in vivacious and amusing style. Here is a child that was born to the town to the country. "I was town bred," the story says, "but the big gun of circumstances had fired me from a city straight into a log built, backwoods home, where, to my mute wonder, I found the places wheel and the handloom filling the place and whatnot." The little girl was mute because it had been impressed upon her that she was to be seen and not heard. Still she could wonder, and ask herself all sorts of unanswerable "Whys"—as, for instance, why the whippoorwill cried in the night time and the morning glories glowed only in the morning. The Trouble Woman at first seemed to be merely amusing and good; she happened along whenever there was any trouble, and was very helpful. She was famous for her silence; but at last, in a thunderstorm, she opened her mouth and told the little girl a sad and tragic tale.

She told how she lost her own little girl who had died of the bite of a rattlesnake; and how she had lost her husband, who had been drowned in a freshet. Those things were not real trouble, she said; they were in the order of nature and were to be borne. But then she lost her son, the apple of her eye; he went to the city and learned to drink and to gamble; he shot a man over a game of cards and was hanged for murder; and that was trouble at last.

The story is told with dramatic exaggeration. It has the theatrical quality. We should think it might be read aloud, and we notice that one of the things that the Trouble Woman told about her lost boy was that "his lips, that used to be so clean, so wholesome looking," were "deeply stained with tobacco." And yet the Trouble Woman herself smoked a pipe. She knocked the ashes out of it and laid it on the mantelpiece when she had finished telling the little girl her story.

We Find Ourselves Deterred.

We wish that we cared more for mis-spelling than we do; we like to enjoy as many things as we can; life is not so full of pure entertainment that we can afford to despise opportunities. We used to take great pleasure in Artemus Ward's occasional bursts of spectacular orthography. "This is 2 Mutch" came upon us, we remember, with something of the sharp dash and surprise of a lightning flash. But we are lazy. We cannot persuade ourselves to do any really very formidable labor. Here is "Hezekiah's Kortsip," by Mr. Frank A. Van Denburg (Richard G. Badger, Boston). We have taken it up in the confiding and unalarmed way which is habitual with us, to find it starting off in this fashion:

"I wuz settin' on my frunt piazza one sunny August on a very blazy nizzar a pare uv winter socks fur Hezekiah (fur you no wimmen must keep our husbands' feet kivered in the winter) when our old dog Towser kummenced to growl and he riz up and showed his teeth so cross like. 'Lay down, Towser!' I kommanded, and jest then I seed Miss Perkinses boarder kummin through the gate. He's one uv them city fellers what rite and scribble the hull livin time, and they do tell me they make a livin at it, but as I often say to Hezekiah, it must be a poor scragg livin they make at it. I'd like a dumb sight ruther go to hoien laters or plowin uv the meddle than to krip that to be settin' and scribblin nonsense all the time and expectin sum poor fool would be silly enuff to buy it to keep my six or seven squakin young un from starvin'."

If we stop off here we are sure that our case will be understood by the sympathetic. There are 182 pages in the book, and it goes on this way to the end.

We Discharge a Duty Tardily.

We know we ought to be concerned about the difficulties and dangers that beset the young people in Charles Hermsreth's story, "Flower of the Fort" (The Fort & Co.). Old Gouverneur and Mary Leisler were called upon to face many perils at an age when their bones had scarcely hardened and their wits could have had little of the profit of experience. Capt. Jacob Leisler, Mary's father, was a tempestuous and dangerous parent. Jacob Milborne, called the Fox, was a relentless wooer, though his age must have been more than 50, and he knew that Mary detested him.

The times were what may be called stirring in New York in the year 1664 when it was learned that James II. had fled from England, and William of Orange was on the throne. Old Leisler was making trouble, a foolish man who thought that he had a chance to become Governor. Carried away by his political ambitions, he had pledged his infamous word that his daughter should marry the Fox.

The poor child was within an ace of entering upon so abominable a fate. She was forced to plot against the usurper, parent though he was. At one time it became necessary for her to wear men's clothes. We pray that may never be so near to being effectually as she was as young Gouverneur, her lover, was on several occasions. Both Abram and Mary were imprisoned and threatened with the fate of spies.

We say that we feel that our sympathies and emotions ought to have been stirred by their hard experiences. As we think back we cannot but apprehend that we have been rather callous in the face of their undoubted troubles. At the same time we must say to the author that we think he might have helped us a little more than he was at the pains to do to the spontaneous entertainment of the emotions reasonable and proper in the case. At the end of the book, we pay gladly to these people the tribute of sympathy that they unquestionably deserve. We wish we might have paid it while we were reading, but it did not then occur to us.

As we have often said before, we grieve for a split infinitive, and we were sorry to read on page 234: "Both sides were glad to at least have their quarrel." This was not only a severing, but a casting of the pieces far asunder.

Some More or Less Pointed Sayings.

Mr. George V. Hobart, known also as John Henry and Dinkelpiel, publishes "Eppy Grams" (G. W. Dillingham Company). This is an agreeable little book to look at, handsomely printed on thick, strong paper, with pink marginal decorations and a symmetrical design in colors on the linen cover. We suppose it is an instinct in everybody

to quarrel with epigrams. They have a cocksure air that is very irritating and that pretty surely incites us to protest and contradiction. To those of us who have weaknesses they seem often to be personally directed and are full of offence. When they are less than this, they still manage to carry the sense of an affront. Accordingly, it is pleasant to be able to riddle an epigram, and disappointing to find one that is not vulnerable.

In looking over this collection we have received the impression that most of what the author has to say is well considered and not to be disputed. "Der vischer of to-day is der headache of to-morrow." In this we can discover no flaw. It is indubitable, venerable, probably immortal, and quite obvious. "History is der place were great men go to be forgotten." We have looked into this and can't see it. Our inability has rejoiced us, for the reasons that we have stated. "Ven veget vat venat vechenerally doand'vant it." True in one sense at least. Possession hardly indicates want. "A bird on der plate is vorth two in der restaurant kitchen." Not so. Get the two put up in a box and send. "Vlakey is der banana peel vich slides a man's soul from under him." His soul is not properly under him, ought to be over him. Still, the epigram is marked by a certain ingenuity. Never before have we heard whiskey called an banana peel.

"Der name moment a man begins to get into politics he begins to get out of pocket, yes." We wonder where he got this impression. "Was willst du haben? Is der four vords in der English lankvich dot der devil likes best of all." Not if the answer is sarsaparilla. "Dare vas two dings dot any man can find in der dark; vun vas a carpet tack and der udder vas a Limburger samvich." We defy anybody to dispute this without the feeling that he is wasting time.

There are ninety-one pages in the book, and must be that there are 500 of the epigrams. If there had been 600 of them we should have thought it was pushing matters to the perilous edge.

Not at All a Failure.

We do not discover that there is any great reason for condoling with John Randolph Franklin, whose case is set forth, obviously with the purpose of exciting our pity, in the story called "A Failure," by Charles Bloomingdale, Jr. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia). It is true that certain bits of fortune fell to young Franklin's share, but some of them were of doubtful harm, and we cannot perovise that any of them were monumentally grievous. It was difficult for him to get into college, and he was stricken with brain fever in his heroic efforts to get out; but we should need to have an enormous fund of pity to weep for all those who have found themselves in similar fix.

His intellects were not his shining part, but we do not find that any of the several bewildering female characters in the story thought less of him on that account. They remarked his broad shoulders with approval, and did not seem to be distressed by his want of a glamorous mind. Mrs. Arlington, the lovely adventuress, kissed him sweetly and did not steal his purse—a double piece of good fortune, and in part a great surprise, as anybody who reads the story will understand. The young woman who persuaded him to kiss her in the woods—the one intending to be married to somebody else in October—is involved in some mystery; her case is not made quite clear; but we are satisfied that she was charming, and it is not apparent to us that he was very much the worse for it.

Finally there was Mary Carstairs, who once, in a perfectly frank and even noble manner, had been in love with a married man, had relinquished him even more nobly for the sake of his wife, and had lived then, for a brief but sincere period, the sequestered and expiatory life of a nun. Mary, tiring of the convent and returning to the world, consented to bless this youth, who is called a failure; there is a picture of their exchanging endearments; and we are prepared to enter upon a wager fortifying the proposition that John was himself happy, and far from conceiving of himself as having failed, at the moment indicated where it says, on the last page: "Their lips met."

A failure? Nonsense. A conqueror. A fortunate and befitting man.

New England Orchids.

To those who think of the orchid as a tropical flower which grows in our country only in cultivation and under highly artificial conditions, Grace Greylock Niles's "Bog-Trotting for Orchids" (G. P. Putnam & Sons), with its dainty illustration in color and in black and white, will come as a surprise. As a matter of fact, the orchid is a native of this country, and is found from 150 to 160 species of native orchids found in North America north of Mexico, their range extending wherever sunshine and moisture prevail nearly as far north as the Arctic Circle. This pleasant volume is a record of the author's walking excursions over hills, across lots and among the swamp lands of the Hoosac Valley in search of the veritable wild orchid gardens that flourish in the soil of the unfathomable peat and marl beds among the streams and vales in the heart of the Taconic Mountains. It is simply and charmingly written and an appendix gives a list and description of the New England orchids, and there is a good index.

Joel Chandler Harris in a New Vein.

A romance of war times in which we meet a number of very pleasant people and in which love is made to predominate rather startlingly over war operations and party feeling and other serious matters is offered by Mr. Joel Chandler Harris in "A Little Union Scout" (McClure, Phillips & Co.). The book is very unlike anything that Mr. Harris has written hitherto. The various love affairs are delightful and everything and everybody are subordinated to them. The reader is entertained to the end, though he may be a little puzzled about the sense of the young woman scout's actions. What she is up to, why she does various strange things, and what purpose her mysterious actions serve, he will find it difficult to make out. He will not care very much, however, for she is a charming little shrew. The introduction to the story is very pretty.

Other Books.

The recent death of the veteran English painter, John Colcott Horsley, is followed by the publication of his "Recollections of a Royal Academician" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), edited by Mrs. E. P. Phelps and with a number of illustrations. Those random jottings of the memories of a long life were not begun till the author's eighty-sixth year, and they are throughout so kindly and simple in tone that criticism is scarcely called for. They are the simple memoirs of a kind hearted old gentleman who had led a pleasant life, achieved a modest amount of success and enjoyed the society of many of the great names of the art world. He cast upon him twenty years ago, for his protest against the nude in art, and was promptly nicknamed him "Clothes-Horsley," and the name stuck. But he had a particularly gentle personality and was much beloved by his Sovereign, his col-

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leagues of the Academy and his pupils at the school of design in Somerset House, and there is much to interest and entertain in these pictures of life in the England of Queen Victoria.

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It is John Leech's charming illustrations that have kept alive the name of "Mr. Spoons's Sporting Tour." In them he let himself go and gave us Leech's own pretty girls and fine horses and dogs and ridiculous men at their best. The book is now brought within the reach of all in the handy and pretty edition of illustrated reprints brought out by the Appletons.

The handsome new Kensington edition of "The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is progressing rapidly. With the three volumes of "The Virginians" the fourth volume of the set is reached. The picture of Thackeray's own life and the type of the text are beautiful. We can imagine no more satisfactory shape in which to possess a great author's writings.

Years have demonstrated the excellence of Gasc's French dictionary. It was an original piece of work in lexicography. An abridgment is now published by Henry Holt & Co., under the title "A Concise Dictionary of the French and English Languages," by F. E. A. Gasc, which brings the book within the range of the elementary schools. The type is pretty small, but the dictionary is good.

A two-volume book that has run through twelve editions hardly needs commendation. That is the record of "Appleton's Dictionary of Greater New York and Its Neighborhood" (Appleton's). The mass of information contained in it has been brought up to date and the illustrations are good. We could wish for an improvement in the maps.

The British invasion into Tibet now going on under the guise of a "diplomatic mission" seems to be the occasion for the new edition of the interesting account of the explorations in that country made by a Hindu, Sarat Chandra Das. His "Journey to Lhasa and Central Tibet" was published two or three years ago, with an introduction by the Hon. W. W. Rockhill, and was reviewed very favorably. The new edition, with many illustrations, bears the imprint of E. P. Dutton & Co.

Books Received.

"Twenty-five Years in Jackville, and Selected Poems," James Buchanan Elmore. (Published by the author, Alamo, Ind.)
"Four Roads to Paradise." Maude Wilder Goodwin. (The Century Company.)
"Roof Company." Dallas Lore Sharp. (The Century Company.)
"Poem Pictures." Laura Case Dunning. (Richard G. Badger.)
"Quarry Slaves." Lee Byrne. (The Post Co.)
"Songs of a Deeper Note." Edmund Corlies Sherburne. (Richard G. Badger.)
"Australia, Our Colonies and Other Islands of the Sea." Frank G. Carpenter. (American Book Company.)
"Spelling by Grades." (American Book Company.)
"English in English." Books I. and II. John Morrow. A. C. McLean and Thomas C. Blaisdell. (American Book Company.)
"The New Century History of the United States." Edward Eggleston. (American Book Company.)
"The Pastime of Eternity." Beatrice Demarest Lloyd. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
"The Pantheon." Harold Steele Mackaye. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
"Narratives of the Beginnings of Hebrew History." Charles Foster Kent, Ph. D. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
"The Inventions of the Idiot." John Kendrick Basing. (The Century Company.)
"The Steps of Honor." Basil King. (Harpers.)
"The North Star." M. E. Henry Ruffin. (Little, Brown & Co.)
"College Training and the Business Man." Charles F. Thwing, LL.D. (Appletons.)
"Reminiscences of General Herman Haupt." (John R. Anderson Company, New York.)
"The Spanish Colonial System." Wilhelm Shaw. (Brennan's.)
"A Night with Alessandro." Treadwell Cleveland, Jr. (Henry Holt & Co.)
"The Quintessence of Ismism." G. Bernard Shaw. (Brennan's.)
"The Temple School." "Hamlet,"

AMUSEMENTS.

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SARGENT'S GREAT PICTURE "THE MISSES HUNTER" EXHIBITION OF SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS. 215 West 57th St. ONE WEEK LONGER. OPEN SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS Mat. Wed. & Sat. 7:15. "To-morrow—THE MARKS' CONCERT." N.Y. W. ANDREW MACKE, "An Irish Gentleman."

VICTORIA 25, 26 & 100, Daily Mat. 2:30. 7:15. "The Great Escape." "The Great Escape." "The Great Escape."

VAUDEVILLE CANDIDA LAST NIGHT. TO-DAY 2 SHARP. DOUBLE BILL.

BELASCO THEATRE 8th & 9th Sts. To-day 8:15. "The Great Escape." "The Great Escape." "The Great Escape."

CROSMAN 215 West 57th St. To-day 8:15. "The Great Escape." "The Great Escape." "The Great Escape."

"SIEGFRIED" AT THE OPERA. Mme. Gadschi Makes Her Farewell Bow as the Valkyrie Bride.

"Siegfried" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House yesterday afternoon, and the performance was enthusiastically applauded by an audience of fair size. Mme. Gadschi appeared as Brunnhilde, singing for the last time this season. As matters now stand she sang for the final time in America, but differences of opinion between prima donnas and managers have been adjusted in the summer vacation are now, and this may happen again.

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NEW VOICES FOR THE OPERA. Herr Conrad wants to bring Heinrich Knote and Mme. Moreno here.

Heinrich Conrad has determined next year to carry out his plan of introducing new singers at the Metropolitan Opera House, and is negotiating with Heinrich Knote and Mme. Moreno, both of the Royal Opera in Munich. Knote is a young tenor who is to sing the leading dramatic roles in the German performances. He has taken part in the recent Wagnerian festivals given at the Prinz Regent's theater in Munich and has appeared in London. Mme. Moreno is a young soprano who sings the lyric roles in the Munich company.

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Mr. James A. B. Scherer, formerly teacher of English in the Government school at Lega, Japan, and now president of Newberry College, S.C., writes in "Japan To-day" some personal impressions of the multifarious aspects of contemporary Japanese life. There is undoubtedly a great demand for anything fresh on the subject of Japan just now, and Mr. Scherer's notes are evidently put together to meet it. He tells a plain tale and avoids the sentimentalism that characterizes so much of the work of Arnold, Lowell and other writers on the subject. His illustrations are better than the ordinary run of conventional Japanese photographs with which the average globetrotter's volume of "impressions" is filled, but the book as a whole is somewhat disjointed and disappointing.

It is John Leech's charming illustrations that have kept alive the name of "Mr. Spoons's Sporting Tour." In them he let himself go and gave us Leech's own pretty girls and fine horses and dogs and ridiculous men at their best. The book is now brought within the reach of all in the handy and pretty edition of illustrated reprints brought out by the Appletons.

The handsome new Kensington edition of "The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is progressing rapidly. With the three volumes of "The Virginians" the fourth volume of the set is reached. The picture of Thackeray's own life and the type of the text are beautiful. We can imagine no more satisfactory shape in which to possess a great author's writings.

Years have demonstrated the excellence of Gasc's French dictionary. It was an original piece of work in lexicography. An abridgment is now published by Henry Holt & Co., under the title "A Concise Dictionary of the French and English Languages," by F. E. A. Gasc, which brings the book within the range